JIM

By CECILY ALLEN

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The landlady was fair after a negative fashion, fat in a positive way and forty, decidedly so. She presided over the culinary department of 174 Otis street in a manner so capable that her boarders regarded her in the light of a genius and spoke with scorn of bachelor apartments and furnished flats. Her name is irrelevant and immaterial.

Her daughter was fair positively, fat negatively and at least twenty years on the right side of forty. She presided with admirable tact over the long table in the dining room, dispensing the culinary triumphs of her mother. Her name was Kathleen.

Dangler, who held a post in the M. R. and A. freight offices and went in for athletics, was in love with Kathleen and invested in a tandem on the installment plan. Seward, floorwalker in the silk department of "The Fair," had a similar cardiac affliction and showered the object of his affection with the latest editions from the book department, purchased at the customary discount allowed clerks at "The Fair."

The situation was rapidly becoming tense, and betting on the outcome among the remainder and less interested quota of boarders was about even when Jim appeared on the scene.

He arrived in the dining room one night, dozing in Dangler's arms.

"Miss Kathleen," remarked the athletic young man in his most confident tone, "I know you won't turn this poor doggie out to graze on concrete and asphalt. I came up with him wandering disconsolately in the freightyards. I'll wager he's somebody's pet. He's so slick and well fed. His owner will probably turn up in the 'Lost and Found' column tomorrow."

Miss Kathleen promptly relieved Dangler of his burden and petted the impassive animal as only a woman can. This plainly annoyed Seward, and as Dangler rushed off to prepare for dinner his rival glared unreasonably at his unoffending soup plate.

But it was the little woman who taught a sewing class at the settlement, read Thomas a Kempis and abhorred Sunday newspapers who discovered the ad. in the Evening Herald:

LOST.—A pug dog, answering to the name of Jim; fat and slightly asthmatic; finder treat him kindly, as he is an old family pet; liberal reward. Marsden, 1701 Green street. Telephone 786-A.

As she finished reading seventeen voices simultaneously exclaimed "Jim!" and the pug, now comfortably ensconced on the ruffle of Kathleen's gown, uncurled himself, licked his chops suggestively and wheezed asthmatically.

Dangler shot a triumphant look at Seward and remarked:

"I tell you what, Miss Kathleen—I'll telephone old Marsden right after dinner, and when he comes after the pup you claim the reward. Marsden's rich, and it ought to be worth a couple pounds of candy anyhow."

Half an hour later Dangler returned from the telephone booth in triumph. Most of the boarders were either in the parlor or chatting in the dim entry.

"Say, folks, maybe you think the old gentleman wasn't tickled! Said he couldn't come down tonight and wouldn't trust one of the servants, so would we keep Jim till tomorrow morning. He'll surely be here by 10. And, by the way, Miss Kathleen, he says the pup's getting old, and if he doesn't have a pillow to sleep on he'll—he'll snore. And he can't eat meat unless it's cut very fine."

Kathleen, with visions of candy dancing before her pretty eyes, carried Jim off to the kitchen and personally prepared a delectable supper for the weary canine, after which the antidote for snoring was speedily produced.

That was Saturday night. It was remarkable how prompt the boarders all were for Sunday morning breakfast. Seward, who seldom appeared until noon, was first at the table, calm, cool and pale, in a satin quilted smoking jacket. Miss Ainsley, the lady reporter, who worked until a heathenish hour each Saturday night, was next. In fact, every one seemed on tiptoe with curiosity, though Jim and the reward were never mentioned during the breakfast hour.

It was singular, too, how the boarders, who usually spent Sunday morning in their rooms, lingered in the parlor. Seward, holding the morning paper at a most peculiar angle, held the point of vantage in the bay window. The little woman who went in for settlement work clasped her prayer book nervously and wondered if "he" would come before time for her to start for church. Dangler got no further in his preparations for his usual morning spin awheel than to don his snowy white sweater with glowing crimson bands. Conversation languished.

Suddenly Seward dropped the paper and exclaimed:

"Here he comes!"

The moment was tense with excitement. The bell pealed shrilly, and Kathleen cried nervously:

"Oh, dear! Who's going to talk to him? I can't!"

Dangler looked uncomfortable. Then he caught the eye of the lady reporter. He smiled in relief.

"You'll do it, won't you, Miss Ainsley? You reporters have all kinds of nerve. You'll know just how to tackle the old gentleman."

Before the lady reporter could protest Marsden entered. He laid his carefully polished hat on the table, crossed his cane on his gloves and gazed inquiringly about the room. He recognized Miss Ainsley and his dog simultaneously.

"Oh, Miss Ainsley, this is an unexpected pleasure! And there's Jim! You old rogue, what do you mean by running off like this, sir? A young man! Very kind of him, I'm sure. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to give him this, and this to the landlady who fed him. I trust he had the pillow. Thanks! Good morning."

Owner and dog retired in good order, but Miss Ainsley never moved. Her face wore a pained expression. Finally she opened her hand very slowly, and, resting on the palm, the assembled company saw a dull half dollar and a shining new quarter. The silence which followed was eloquent of various sentiments. Seward was the first to recover. A sardonic smile crept across his pale, slender countenance.

"Treat him kindly. A family pet. Give him a pillow."

Then he burst into heartless laughter.

The athletic figure of Dangler shook with ill suppressed fury. He said something between his teeth which reads like this:

"!—! !—! Sizz."

She of the settlement work actually smiled on him as though he had voiced her sentiments.

"Who gets this reward?" inquired Miss Ainsley in a cuttingly clear voice. Kathleen glanced from the flushed face of Dangler to the severe countenance of her mother. The landlady looked as though she had just burned a batch of lemon pies. The situation was saved by the sudden appearance of Buttons with Dangler's belated laundry package.

"Here, Buttons," said Miss Ainsley with a cordial smile, "you can have the wildest sort of time on this." She slipped the coins in Buttons' unresisting hand. "And no one else seems to care particularly about it."

If the incident had been closed at this instant, it would have been better, but three evenings later the entire household was on the qui vive over a mysterious package which had arrived by special messenger during the afternoon. It was addressed in a large, flowing hand, "To the young man who found Jim." The conclusion was obvious. The owner of Jim had realized his base ingratitude and had repented to the tune of a handsome remembrance.

Dangler was distressingly late, and many of the boarders were toying with their coffee when he arrived. The demand that he open the package was unanimous. Blushingly he consented. The strings were snipped, the paper fell back and before the astonished eyes of the boarders rose a dog's muzzle and a certain wire contrivance indispensable to that federal officeholder known as a dog catcher.

The boarders, individually and collectively stood willing to wager that Seward had perpetrated this unfeeling joke. But the sphinxlike countenance above the immaculate cream colored four-in-hand was neither paler nor more flushed than usual.

Sympathy unuttered, but nevertheless strong, was felt for the unfortunate Dangler.

But, after all, perhaps it was misplaced. Women, especially in affairs of the heart, view events from a peculiar and unexpected standpoint. The landlady announced Kathleen's engagement to Dangler two Sundays later at dinner. The champagne which followed the announcement was generally supposed to be the outward and visible sign of the exuberant happiness of Dangler, and no one marred the occasion by unfeeling reminiscences.

Baring Feet at Worship.

The India Hindoos and Mussulmans alike wear both sandals and shoes (slippers) and the latter boots also. The sandal (the word is Persian) was evidently the original covering for the feet over all southern and eastern Asia, while the shoe was probably introduced into India by the Persians, Afghans and Mongols, together with the "tip tilted" (Hittite and Etruscan) boot.

Both are usually made in India of leather, but never of pigskin, and, while the shoes are always colored red or yellow, the boots are generally brightly particolored, both among the upper classes being also richly embroidered in gold and silver and variegated silk thread and with bangles, bugles and seed pearls after the manner of the ancient Persian boots represented on Greek vases.

But, of however rare and costly elaboration, the invariable rule is to remove them after entering a private house just when stepping on to the mat or carpet on which the visitor takes his seat. They must be cast off, the right boot or shoe first, before the worshiper enters a temple or mosque, and it is still regarded as an absolute profanation to attempt to enter either fully shod.—London Athenæum.

She Made Herself Understood.

She was young and innocent looking and coy and shy, and the half dozen men among the passengers on a Chicago street car the other day caught themselves looking at her more than once and almost wishing they had such a daughter. Presently another girl got in, and the two exchanged exclamations of surprise. Two minutes later the last comer was saying loud enough to be heard all over the car:

"Dear me, Madge, but your new hat is a stunner!"

"Yes? Do you like it?"

"It's perfectly splendid. It must have cost at least $5."

"Five dollars!" echoed the coy and shy and innocent. "Why, my old 'gov' coughed up fourteen bones for this hat, and we got $6 off at that!"

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(Chancery A—227.)

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey. Between The Bloomfield Savings Institution, complainant, and Lawrence E. Blake et al., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the court house in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of May next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex county, New Jersey:

Beginning in the westerly line of Glenwood avenue at a point therein distant northerly twenty-five and one-hundredths feet from the corner formed by the intersection of the said westerly line of Glenwood avenue with the northerly line of Llewellyn avenue; thence (1) southerly along the westerly line of Glenwood avenue twenty-five and one-hundredths feet to the northerly line of Llewellyn avenue; thence (2) westerly along the northerly line of said avenue one hundred feet; thence (3) northerly and parallel with the first course twenty-five feet; thence (4) easterly one hundred and forty-three hundredths feet to Glenwood avenue, west line and place of beginning. Being lot number one on a map of the People's Park.

Newark, N. J., April 18, 1904.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.

Edward Oakes, Sol'r (19,26)

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Gloves—Ladies' 2-clasp Kid Gloves, in choice spring shades, regular 89c quality, at..... 65c

Gloves—Ladies' Lisle Gloves, in all colors, at 25c and..... 49c

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Hose—Ladies' Fast Black Cotton Stockings, in plain black and silk embroidered, double heels and toes, 19c value for..... 15c

Hose—1,000 pairs Ladies' Fine Gauge Stockings, double heels and toes, composed of plain lace insteps, Richelieu ribbed and Lisle, 25c grades for..... 19c

Fancy Taffetas—Checks and stripes, all silk, all size checks and stripes in all the wanted colors, very desirable for shirt waist suits, value 69c yard, at..... 59c

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"Monarch Pats"—These are the popular Men's shoes in patent leather, a shapely and dressy shoe in the new button and lace styles..... 3.00

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Bleached Table Napkins—Per dozen, regular 1.25, 1.50, 1.75. Our prices, 90c, 1.10, 1.25.

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